



(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)  
**THE SHADOWS  
 AROUND US:**  
 ACCREDITED NARRATIVES OF THE  
 SUPERNATURAL.  
 COMPILED BY  
 ARTHUR MORRISON.

**XVII.—WRAITHS OF THE DEAD.**

Of the unmistakable appearance of phantoms of persons who have been dead for some appreciable period there are many cases; that is to say, cases distinct from those of the appearance of a person's form to another at exactly the time of death, and distinct from those appertaining to haunted houses, in which locality seems to have some influence in the manifestations. A well-known case was that of Dr. Robert Hawker, the eminent divine, who, when living in Devonshire, was in the habit of giving an old woman a few shillings each week. One night as he passed down the street he observed this old woman, who approached him steadily at him, and hesitated. It was not the day upon which her little allowance was due, but, putting his hand in his pocket, Dr. Hawker was feeling for a coin, when, on looking up again, the place where the woman had stood was vacant. When he reached home he asked if the old woman had been given her weekly money, and was astonished to hear that she had been dead several days, although the family had forgotten to mention it at the time.

The public library in the town of W— was a scene of a singular manifestation a few years ago.

The library had been for many years under the care of Mr. Q—, who, however, died in 1880. Shortly after this Mr. J—, a man well-known among the learned, was chosen to fill the vacant post, and took up his duties. He came from a distance, did not know and had never seen the late librarian, nor had he seen any portrait of him.

The work went on without any unusual incident for three years or more, and the very name of Mr. Q— had been almost forgotten, when a circumstance occurred which kept his memory green for long, in, at least, one mind. Mr. J— was sitting at work in his private room at the library late one evening in March, 1884. It was unusual for him to work after hours, but it was necessary to finish a quantity of special work, and he stayed alone to do it.

Suddenly it struck him that his last train (he was living in a neighbouring town) would be going at 11.3, and that if he did not leave at once he would probably miss it.

He glanced at his watch; it was 10.55. With haste there was just time to catch the train.

Seizing the books upon which he had been engaged in one hand and his table-lamp in the other he made his way into the passage leading from his room to the main room of the library. Scarcely had he entered this passage when he saw, at the further end, a man's face, which at once vanished.

As the party approached the thicker part of the jungle there was found to be a very wide ditch which it would be necessary to jump. All successfully accomplished this jump with the exception of the major, who, handicapped by his greater number of years as well as by his stiff leg and the top-boots, jumped a little short, and had to scramble out with the assistance of some of the party. He was not in the least hurt, but his gun was quite choked up with wet sand in every part, and it was plainly seen that a thorough cleaning out would be necessary before the weapon could be used. Not wishing to detain the others, the major told them to go on, and that he would follow and catch them up as soon as he had got the gun into working condition. They went on accordingly, leaving him sitting in the shade hard at work on his gunlock.

Nearly two hours had passed, and yet nothing had been seen of Major Bendlle. The party shouted in every direction, to indicate their whereabouts, but received no answer. Not much sport was had, and, as hour succeeded hour, more and more anxious grew the surmises as to what had become of him.

So the day passed, and late in the afternoon the party came near to the river at the other side of the bend, where it had been agreed that all were to meet and re-embark. There was the boat, and they were walking down toward it when all at once they saw before them the major, limping hastily along in his heavy top-boots, minus his hat and gun.

They shouted. No reply. They shouted again, and began to run. Still no reply, but the major began to run too, and whenever their pace was increased his speed was also increased, although they gained upon him.

**VICTIM.—You can prosecute them criminally.**

**COURT:**—1. We cannot say what view the court would take. 2. None. 3. Fine or imprisonment.

**Y. Z.—1.** If the father be in receipt of parish relief, either indoor or outdoor, the sons are compelled to contribute. 2. No.

**FOOT MAN.—** You have no claim; the husband takes all.

**WILLIAM KELL.—** You are not compelled to make a donation.

**H.—** Each locality has its own by-laws on the subject.

**PERPLEXED.—** Undoubtedly he can sue the furniture.

**HEREFORDSHIRE.—** If you stay after the expiration of the notice, the owner can charge reasonable rent, but please, or turn you out by ejectment.

**POULET.—** Sue him for the damage done.

**F. W.—** You can take action for recovery at once.

**S.—** If it be a yearly hiring, as seems to be the case, you must give notice on the date when the tenancy begins, or else.

**A.—** It would be a very difficult and troublesome business to carry through by yourself. You had far better employ one of the next-of-kin agencies.

**ANNOYED.—** No; only her separate estate is liable.

**T.—** Twenty-one.

**LASHER.—** If he fails to comply with the order of the court, he will render himself liable to imprisonment for contempt. 2. Yes.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA.—** You can sue him for his balance.

**Y.—** 2. Yes. 2. A mortgage would be required.

**EDDIE.—** You would run some risk in selling without giving notice; better make a further effort to find him before doing so.

**ADVISER OF THE PEOPLE.—** Your question is not all clear, but we understand her husband to be the son of the man mentioned by his selling property to which he had no title. Of course he cannot take it out of the lawyer's hands. He did not instruct him.

**CAVALIER.—** If you were the only next of kin, on your husband's side, you would be entitled to his share of the property, provided it was personally yours.

**ANNOYED F.—** No.

**THE DEBTOR should have given you the name among those of his other creditors to the official liquidator.**

**DINER HENDERSON.—** As the L.O.U. is a factory, you have no legal force; but you have placed yourself in a very serious position, and we strongly recommend you to pay the sum at once. You have rendered yourself liable to several years' imprisonment. Whoever told you that debts due to a deceased person need not be paid for twelve months was an utter idiot.

**T.—** No difference whatever.

**G. H.—** You cannot compel him to cut it, nor must you do so yourself without his permission, if you are to go to considerable expense and trouble, you might sue him for interference with your property.

**A. B.—** 1. For the fortnight. 2. It should have been stamped.

**SON-IN-LAW.—** The children of the deceased would share the bequest between them.

**FRANK.—** It is legal, provided the requirements of the Island Revenue Act are observed.

**G. W.—** Within the period of settlement it would be unsafe to give any opinion.

**SLOPE.—** It is a very mysterious disappearance. You should give notice to the police, and also advertise that if the goods are not taken away, they will be sold to pay expenses.

**JAC.—** All the belongings of the testator were given to his wife, and she is entitled to receive the will, of course, be entitled to receive the whole.

**S. W. G.—** It should be stamped at the time of execution.

**SURLY THOMAS.—** The responsibility rests, in the first place, on the husband. In the case the guardians may be entitled to some of the money deposited upon a man in your favour circumstances. If you care to have the case published, we shall be happy to do so on receiving full and exact details.

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**F. T. B.—** Black or brown if you wish; blue would be beyond you; you could not do it. This answer also applies to "J. S." 2. Your second query should be sent to the legal department, and put more plainly.

**WORKING MAN'S WIFE.—** It is difficult to make, but you can buy the stuff for a few pence at the perambulator shops or at the waterproof shop.

**LAVENDER.—** You can certainly, brush them out as carefully, shake them out as much as possible, and absorb all moisture with soft dry linen. Shake well, and carefully brush with a soft long hair brush or a pad of long velvet will answer, but you must proceed with great gentleness, on no account wet or wash them.

**BAD SLEEPER.—** We know nothing of your case, and can do no more than advise plenty of open-air exercise, cultivate a cheerful frame of

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Though everyone will be taken to ensure the accuracy of copies, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for errors. Correspondence relating to or connected with the news must reach the office by Wednesday morning of latest. Those manuscripts received will be unanswered the following morning. **Editorial M.A.**—1. The author of the poem "The Wreath" is required to give payment as required for contributions they must be or marked the amount to be paid. **Editorial M.A.**—2. The author of the poem "The Wreath" is required to give payment as required for contributions they must be or marked the amount to be paid. **Editorial M.A.**—3. "Mincingness," "Mincingness," or otherwise, in accordance with their special character, to order to facilitate identification.

**LEGAL.**

**MATTHEW.—** You had much better employ a solicitor to draft a regular deed. The method you propose would be very unsafe.

**CONSTANT READER.—** It would be very far to you to like to know in detail such a long string of intricate questions. Take legal advice.

**SUNDAY.—** Of course you must pay; he accepted you as a tenant, and you have continued to live in his house.

**WEDNESDAY.—** We like to know if the property is in a good day's sport in the intervening jungle, joining the barge at the other side of the bend at evening; this is done.

**FARMER JOHN.—** You are still bound by the covenants of the agreement.

**WIDOW.—** You are responsible for the damage and had better pay up at once.

**MAT.—** You appear to have a good case for a man to be held liable. Bring in the county court.

**MISS THE SECOND.—** You could not legally marry again until the first marriage is set aside, and doubt whether that would be feasible. 2. M.

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## THE SNAKE'S PASS.

BY BRAM STOKER, M.A.

## CHAPTER XVII.

NIGHTMARES.

The next morning when I went up to Joyce's I found that Moynahan was all right—that he hadn't even got a cold, but that he remembered nothing whatever about his walking into the bog. He had even expressed his wonder at seeing the state his clothes were in. When I went into the village I found that Murdock had been everywhere and had told every one of his fears about Moynahan. I said nothing of his being safe, but tried quietly to arrange matters so that I might be present when Murdock should set his eyes for the first time on the man he had tried to murder. I left him with a number of others in the shebeen, and went back to bring Moynahan, but found, when I got to Joyce's that he had already gone back to Murdock's house. Joyce had told him, as we had arranged, that when Murdock had come asking for him he had been alarmed, and had gone out to look for him, had found him asleep on the hill-side, and had brought him home with him. As I found that my scheme of facing Murdock with his victim was frustrated, I took advantage of Murdock's absence to remove the stones which he had placed to mark the spot where the treasure was last seen. I found them in the form of a cross, and, moving them, replaced them at a spot some distance lower down the line of the bog. I marked the place, however, with a mark of my own—four stones put widely apart at the points of a letter Y—the centre marking the spot where the cross had been. Murdock returned to his house not long after, and within a short time ran down to tell that Moynahan had found his way home and was all safe. They told me that he was then white and scared-looking." Here Dick paused:

"Now, my difficulty is this. I know he tried to murder the man, but I am not in a position to prove it. No man could expect his word to be taken in such a matter and under such circumstances. And yet I am morally certain that he intends to murder him still. What should I do? To take any preventative steps would involve making the charge which I cannot prove. As yet neither of the men has the slightest suspicion that I am concerned in the matter in any way—or that I even know of it. Now may I not be most useful by keeping a watch and bidding my time?"

I thought a moment, but there seemed to be only one answer:

"You are quite right, Dick! We can do nothing just at present. We must keep a sharp look out, and get some tangible evidence of his intention—something that we can support—and then we can take steps against him. As to the matter of his threat to harm Norah, I shall certainly try to bring that out in a way we can prove, and then he shall have the hottest corner he ever thought of in his life."

"Quite right that he should have it, Art; but we must think of her too. It would not do to have her name mixed up with any gossip. She will be going away very shortly, I suppose, and then his power to hurt her will be nil. In the meantime everything must be done to guard her."

"I shall get a dog—a good savage one—this very day; that ruffian must not be able to even get near the house again!" Dick interrupted me:

"Oh, I quite forgot to tell you about that. The very day after that night I got a dog and sent it up. It is the great mastiff that Meldon, the dispensary doctor, had—the one that you admired so much. I specially asked Norah to keep it for you, and train it to be always with her. She promised that she would always feed him herself and take him about with her. I am quite sure she understood that he was to be her protector."

"Thank you, Dick," I said, and I am sure he knew I was grateful.

By this time we had come near the house, outside which the car stood. Andy was inside, and evidently did not expect our coming so soon, for he sat with a measure of stout half-emptied before him on the table, and on each of his knees sat a lady—one evidently the mother of the other. As we appeared in the doorway he started up.

"Cheer up, Art, old chap! Surely you, at any rate, have no cause to be down on your luck! Of all men that live, I should think you ought to be about the very happiest!"

"That's it, old fellow," I answered. "I fear that there must be something terribly coming. I shall never be quite happy till Norah and all of us are quite away from the hill."

"What on earth do you mean? Why, you have just bought the whole place?"

"It may seem foolish, Dick; but the words come back to me and keep ringing in my ears—"The mountain holds—and it holds tight!" Dick laughed:

Murdock made no answer, so Dick went on:

"Let me tell you that I act for the owner of this land, who bought it as it is, and I shall hold you responsible for your conduct. I don't want to have a row needlessly, so if you go away quietly, and promise to not either trespass here again, or try to steal anything, I shall not take any steps. If not, I shall do as the occasion demands."

Murdock answered him with the most manifestly intentional insolence:

"You! you tell me to go away! I don't recognise ye at all! This land belongs to me frind, Mr. Joyce, an' I shall come on it when I like, and do as I like. When me frind tells me not to come here, I shall shay away. Till then I shall do as I like!"

Said Dick:

"You think that will do to bluff me because you know Joyce is away for the day, and that, in the meantime, you can do what you want, and perhaps get out of the bog some property that does not belong to you. I shall not argue with you any more; but I warn you that you will have to answer for your conduct."

Murdock and Moynahan continued their pulling at the rope. We waited till the haul was over, and saw that the spoil on this occasion was a part of the root of a tree. Then, when both men were sitting exhausted beside it, Dick took out his notebook, and began to make notes of everything. Presently he turned to Murdock, and said:

"Have you been fishing, Mr. Murdock? What is it?"

"Oh, Arthur, I can't help it. It is so wonderful—more than all I ever longed or wished for!" Then she took her hands away, and put them in mine, and looked me bravely in the face, with her eyes half-laughing and half-crying, and her cheeks wet, and said:

"Arthur, you are the fairy prince. There is nothing that I can wish for that you have not done—even my dress are ready by your sweet thoughtfulness. It needs an effort, dear, to let you do all this—but I see it is quite right—I must be dressed like one who is to be your wife. I shall think I am pleasing you afresh, every time I put one of them on; but I must pay for them myself. You know I am quite rich now. I have all the money you paid for the Cliff Fields; father says it ought to go in such things as will fit me for my new position, and not be a burden to you any more; but I shall be just as you wish. Now tell me all about everything since I went away."

"May I bring in Turco? he is so quiet with me; and he must learn to know you and love you, or he wouldn't be any friend of mine." She looked at me lovingly, and went and brought in the mastiff, by whom I was forthwith received into friendship.

That was indeed a happy day. We had a family consultation about the school; the time of beginning was arranged, and there was perfect accord amongst us. As Dick and I drove through the darkness, I could not but feel that, even if evil were looming ahead of us, at least some of us had experienced what it is too happy.

It had been decided that after a week's time—on the 28th October—Norah was to leave for school. Her father was to bring her as far as London, and Mr. Chapman was to take her over to Paris. This was Joyce's own wish; he said:

"Well, Art, you'll get into trouble one of these days!"

"I'm through for a gurl sittin' on me knee!" Begor! the Government'll have to get up more coorts and more polis if they want to stop that old custom. An' more broken, they'll have to purvise more shtools, too."

Mrs. Dempsey, while I come round again, mind ye kep a Government stool for me! Herd's the masther wouldn't let any gurl sit on any wan's knee. Begor! not even the quality nor the faish! All right, yer 'an', the mare's not ready. Good-bye, Mrs. Dempsey. Don't forget the shtool—an' wan too for Hiddy! Gee up, yeould corn-crake!" and so we resumed our journey.

As we went along Dick gave me all details regarding the property which he and Mr. Casy had bought for me. Although I had signed deeds and papers without number, and was the owner in the present or in future of the whole hill, I was not the least idea of either the size or disposition of the estate. Dick had been all over it, and was able to supply me with every detail. As he went on he grew quite enthusiastic—everything seemed to be even more favourable than he had at first supposed. There was plenty of clay; and he suspected that there were three places there was pottery clay, such as is found chiefly in Cornwall. There was any amount of water; and when we should be able to control the whole hill and regulate water as we wished, the supply would enable us to do anything in the way of either irrigation or ornamental development. The only thing we lacked, he said, was limestone, and he had a suspicion that limestone was to be found somewhere on the hill.

"I cannot but think," said he, "that

there must be a streak of limestone somewhere. I cannot otherwise account for the subsidence of the lake on the top of the hill. I almost begin to think that that formation of rock to which the Snake's Pass is due runs right through the hill, and that we shall find that the whole top of it has similar granite cliffs, with the hollow between them possibly filled in with some rock of one of the latter formations. However, when we get possession I shall make accurate search. I tell you, Art, it will well repay the trouble if we can find it. A limestone quarry here would be pretty well as valuable as a gold mine. Nearly all these promontories on the western coast of Ireland are of slate or granite, and here we have not got limestone within thirty miles. With a quarry on the spot, we cannot only build up cheap and reclaim our own bog, but we can supply five hundred square miles of country with the rudiments of prosperity, and at a nominal price compared with what they pay now!"

The last of all my dreams was as follows:—Norah and I were sitting on the table rock in the Cliff Fields; all was happy and smiling around us. The sun shone and the birds sang, and as we sat hand in hand the beating of our hearts seemed a song also. Suddenly there was a terrible sound—half a roar, as of an avalanche, and half a fluttering sound, as of many great wings. We clung together in terror, waiting for the portent which was to come. And then over the cliff poured the whole mass of the bog, foul-smelling, foetid, terrible, and of endless might. Just as it was about to touch us, and as I clasped Norah to me, so that we might die together, and whilst her despairing cry was in my ear, the whole mighty mass turned into loathsome, writhing snakes, sweeping into the sea!

I awoke with a scream which brought nearly every one in the hotel into my bedroom. Dick was first, and found me standing on the floor, white and drunk with terror.

"What is it, old fellow?—oh! I see, only a nightmare. Come on; he's all right; it's only a dream," and almost before I had realised that the waking world and not the world of shadows was around me, the room was cleared and I was alone. I lit a candle and put on some clothes; as it was of no use trying to sleep again after such an experience, I got a book and resolvedly set to reading. The effort was successful, as such efforts always are, and I quite forgot the cause of my disturbance in what I read. Then the master itself grew less interesting . . .

In such talk as this the journey wore out the evening came upon us. The day had been a fine one, one of those rare sunny days in a wet autumn. As we went I could see everywhere the signs of the continuous rains. The fields were shabby and sodden, and the bottoms were flooded; the bogs were teeming with water; the roads were washed clean—not only the mud but even the sand having been swept away, and the road metal was everywhere exposed. Often, as we went along, Dick took occasion to illustrate his views as to the danger of the shifting of the bog at Knockallicore by the evidence around us of the destructive power of the continuous rain.

When we came to the mountain gap where we got our first and only view of Knockallicore from the Galway road, Andy reined in the mare and turned to me, pointing with his whip:

"There beyond, yer 'an', is Knockallicore—the hill where the treasure is. They do say that a young English gentleman has bought up the hill, an' man to get the treasure for himself. Begor! perhaps he has found it already. Here! Gee up! yeould corn-crake! What the devil are ye kapin' the quality waitin' for?" and we sped down the road.

The sight of the hill filled me with glad emotion, and I do not think that it is to be wondered at. And yet my gladness was followed by an unutterable gloom—a gloom that fell over me the instant after my eyes took in the well-known hill struck by the falling sun from the west. It seemed to me that all had been so happy and so bright and so easy for me, that there must be in store some terrible shock or loss to make the balance even, and to reduce my satisfaction with life to the level above which man's happiness may not pass.

There was a curse on the hill! I felt it all right. I saw the hill we stopped as usual. Andy gave me a look which spoke a lot, but he did not say a single word—for which forbearance I owed him a good turn. Dick said:

"I want to go round to the other side of the hill, and shall cross over the top. I shall look you up, if I may, at Joyce's, about two o'clock."

"All right," I said, "we shall expect you," and I started up the hill.

We sat down to breakfast, and I bound to say, from the trencher experience of that meal, that there is nothing so fine as an appetiser for breakfast as a good preliminary nightmare.

We drove off to Knockallicore. When we got to the foot of the hill we stopped as usual. Andy gave me a look which spoke a lot, but he did not say a single word—for which forbearance I owed him a good turn. Dick said:

"They are at the place to which I changed the mark, but are still on Joyce's land."

They were working just as Dick and I had worked with Murdock, when we had recovered the gun-carriage, and were so intent on the work at which they toiled with feverish eagerness that they did not see us coming; and when we stood close beside them that they were conscious of our presence. Murdock turned at once with a scowl and with a sort of snarl. When he saw who it was, he became positively livid with passion, and at once began to bombard us with the foulest vituperation. Dick pressed my arm, as a hint to keep quiet and leave the talking to him, and I did nothing; but he opposed the gombeen's man's passion with an unflinching calm. Indeed, he seemed to me to want even to exasperate Murdock to the last degree. When the latter paused for a second for breath, he quietly said:

"I want to go round to the other side of the hill, and shall cross over the top. I shall look you up, if I may, at Joyce's, about two o'clock."

When I got to the gate, and opened it, there was a loud, deep barking, which, however, was instantly stilled. I heard that Norah had tied up the mastiff, and I went to the door. I had no need to knock; for as I came near, it opened, and in another instant I was in the stable over the stable, and the people could get out of the way if it severely bit Miss Kelly, daughter of the curate. It afterwards fastened its teeth in the arm of a boy named Johnson, but was pluckily seized and killed by a Mr. Mempe. The young lady, the boy, and the horse are all under surgical treatment.

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When I got to the gate, and opened it, there was a loud, deep barking, which, however, was instantly stilled. I heard that Norah had tied up the mastiff, and I went to the door. I had no need to knock; for as I came near, it opened, and in another instant I was in the stable over the stable, and the people could get out of the way if it severely bit Miss Kelly, daughter of the curate. It afterwards fastened its teeth in the arm of a boy named Johnson, but was pluckily seized and killed by a Mr. Mempe. The young lady, the boy, and the horse are all under surgical treatment.

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## OUR OMNIBUS.

THE M.P.

The most remarkable feature of the municipal elections is the ill-success that attended the labour candidates in all parts of England. This was not for want of preparation, for months past the "new unionists" have been trying to organise victory, and loudly did they make boast of securing control of several important municipal bodies. The result shows that their influence is very microscopic after all. It may suffice to turn the scale between the two great political parties in evenly-balanced constituencies, but it is not nearly enough to secure the return of Socialist candidates.

Apart from this incidental issue of the elections, they count for nothing as an expression of the political feeling of the nation. Local and personal considerations always exercise overwhelming force at municipal contests; electors often vote for candidates whom they would not support were it a question of Parliamentary representation. In 1879 the municipal elections were strongly in favour of Conservatism, but a few months later Mr. Gladstone was returned to power at the head of a swamping majority!

For downright heartless cynicism and inhumanity Mr. Dillon has no equal. Why did he and Mr. O'Brien give leg-bill to the law? Their friends said that they did so in order to obtain help for their starving fellow-countrymen from the American people. That would have been something of an excuse for what looked like dastardly flight; but what says Mr. Dillon? The moment he landed at New York he sought to dissuade the American people from sending either money, food, or clothing to Ireland. "Help from America," so this is his cool avowal, "would prevent starvation, and so enable the Tories to declare that there was no danger of famine." In other words, the Irish peasants whose potatoes have failed are to be left to die of hunger in order that Mr. Dillon and his colleagues may saddle the Government with that awful responsibility. Yet these men dare to pose as the friends of Ireland!

It must be confessed that Mr. Gladstone's oratory is becoming terribly dull. We all admit, of course, that he is a marvellous old gentleman to be stamping the country at his time of life with fiery speeches like minute guns. But it is merely blank ammunition that he thus blusters away; plenty of noise and smoke, and occasionally a flash or two, but the deuce a hit from beginning to end. However, since these exercises in verbiage appear to give him pleasure, no Unionist would wish for their discontinuance. Do they not add to the revenue by increasing the receipts of the telegraph department?

It was excellent advice which the *Globe* gave the other afternoon, in a leading article, to Unionist speakers and writers. This popular evening paper recommended them to dwell much more on the economic aspects of Home Rule than on the political when addressing the working classes. These should have it brought home to them that one of the first effects of creating a separate Parliament for the sister isle would be to devalue England with starved-out Irish labour. Later on, Mr. Parnell would be sure to place heavy duties on English manufacturers as the best means of widening the split between the two peoples. In a speech he formerly delivered he included this in the programme of Home Rule, and as he is not wise to give up his purposes, we are entitled to assume that Ireland, under his rule, would become strongly Protectionist. A pleasant look-out for the English working man, truly, to have that market shut against him just when his wage rate was reduced by the competition of cheap Irish labour.

The Separatists are beginning to realise at last that Lord Salisbury is not the sort of man to be dragged into dissolving Parliament by noise and bluster. When he came into office he resolved to give the United Kingdom a sample of really capable administration in every department for the full period allowed to a Ministry by the constitution, his belief being that this would be the surest way of securing a renewal of power. Nor is he likely to prove out in his reckoning. John Bull is tickle, maybe, but it would be far worse than tickleness if he did turn out a Government which had kept the empire out of war for seven years, had largely reduced taxation, had wiped off about a sixth of the National Debt, had rehabilitated the Army and Navy, had pacified Ireland, and had carried out a grand scheme of local government. All these achievements and more will assuredly be accomplished before the next general election.

According to private correspondence from Rome, the Pope is anything but satisfied with the present state of things in Ireland. It goes against his grain that so many of the Irish bishops and priests should openly sympathise with lawless practices instead of trying to suppress them. But his holiness is placed in a ticklish position, being afraid that he would precipitate an open rupture with the Parnellites were he to exercise his authority in full measure. Many of the priests would be reduced to very short commons, indeed, were Mr. Parnell to order his followers to discontinue supporting the Roman Catholic clergy. A good many would obey that decree, with alacrity for the sake of their own pockets, if not for political reasons.

There is much need of a Conservative working man's club at Knightsbridge, and I am glad to learn that steps are about to be taken to supply the want. Mr. Weight, of William-street, who has done such yeoman's service for the party in other matters, is one of the chief promoters of the required institution, and, thanks to his energy, it may almost be regarded as an accomplished fact.

## OLD IZAAK.

There was an excellent display of water-colour drawings and views of Fulbrough and Amberley, &c., on view at the Central Association on Monday evening, with the result that it was agreed to form a pictorial picture gallery, gifts being announced by Mr. Hague (a pictorialist), Mr. R. B. Lodge (Grosvenor Northern Brothers), Mr. H. Hague (Linenfield), and Mr. G. E. Simms. Mr. Hague also promised to give another drawing, by himself, to be entitled "The Gentle Craft," which I hope will be competed for by members of the association, together with other prizes. A few more gifts like these and the idea of a pictorial picture gallery will be thoroughly carried out.

When Mr. Crumplin rose to read his paper on "Fulbrough and its Surroundings," he received quite an ovation, and a very interesting paper it was. Treating of the River Arun, and the fishery there now rented by the Central Association, the reader remarked that it bore a short name, and was not a very long river, but had been for centuries celebrated for its store of fish, of which there was still an abundant supply. There was no doubt, from the evidence of geology and the fossils found in the locality, that a vast sheet of fresh water, probably teeming with fish, existed near, although it did not cover the very spot where Fulbrough now stands, and it is quite possible that some of the fish our anglers capture there could boast of a pedigree and continuity of location, which, by comparison, would make that of man himself sink into insignificance. At the close Mr. Crumplin received a hearty

vote of thanks for one of the most interesting papers I have had the pleasure of listening to.

It is very pleasing to hear, also, that several gentlemen have promised to read papers before the delegates of the association, notably Mr. Shrubsole and Mr. Simms. This is as it should be, and I share Mr. Medcalfe's wish that we may have many more such pleasant evenings.

The visit on the South London United and Anglers' Association lists to the Bermondsey Brothers was a big success, thirty clubs being represented. They thoroughly deserved it, and I am sorry I was unable to be present. Mr. R. Smith officiated as chairman and Mr. Morton as vice, while Messrs. Slaughter and Green contributed to the harmony. The next visit was due to the Second Surrey Angling Society, but for several reasons they declined it, and consequently the visit goes to the Rodney Plaistow. The next visit on the Central Association list will be to the Croydon Angling Society, held at the City of London, Sidney-street, City-road, on Monday, the 16th inst. To-morrow (Monday) the Amicable Waltonians have a visit from clubs enrolled on the Clerkenwell and District United list.

The members of the Bloomsbury Brothers fished their usual quarterly prize on Sunday last at Shepperton but, as was the case with the Alma a couple of weeks previous, did not meet with much sport, the water being too bright. However, the following managed to secure the prizes with roach—A. Wilshaw, first; H. Davis, second; and D. Warren, third.

It is satisfactory to hear that the Anglers' Benevolent Society is in a flourishing condition. After granting £120 to sick members, a balance of £312 remains in hand. How much more might be done if anglers were unanimous in the support of their society! I quite agree with the *Fishing Gazette* that "it should be the duty of every member of an angling society to join the Anglers' Benevolent Society, and so enable larger assistance to be given in case of need, and even perhaps to place the society in a position of permanent usefulness by the creation of an invested fund of sufficient amount to yield a substantial income."

The annual dinner of the United Brothers will take place on Tuesday, the 18th inst., at the Drury's Head Tavern, Broadway, Deptford, when Mr. Lawes will occupy the chair. Mr. J. P. Wheelton reads a paper at the Way-land Arms, Dalston, on November 29th. Several other papers are also announced to be read under the auspices of the Society for Promoting the Reading of Papers Among Clubs.

The high tide of Thursday in last week flowed up to Hampton Court, and caused a rise in the water of two feet, a circumstance not in the recollection of the oldest living fisherman. It brought up a great quantity of dace, which the boats have since been catching at the rate of six and seven dozen each in the day. The leading items of angling are as follows: Charles Hone, of Staines, has been getting as much as 20lb. weight of roach in the day, the largest fish being one pound, and John Keene, jun., has been doing very well with roach, jack, and chub; his principal returns are one day with Mr. Newbury, who got 27lb. weight of roach, chub and jack, the largest brace of chub weighing 7lb.; another day with Mr. Harris, 14lb. of roach and three jack, the largest 3lb.; and another day with Mr. Field 20lb. of roach, chub and jack. Mr. At, of Sunbury, in one of Messrs. T. and A. Stoud's punds, got five jack, the largest 5lb. Mr. George Woods, at Hampton Court, one jack of 5lb. and another of 6lb. Mr. Denry, with Charles Baldwin, at Teddington, in one day twelve dozen of roach and dace.

## PIPER PAN.

There is no lack of energy at the Royal Italian Opera, under the management of Senor Lago, who introduces two or three fresh operas every week. Considering that the choristers have to rehearse daily, besides singing every night, I confess I am astonished to find their voices in such good condition. This is to no small extent due to the skill of the two famous conductors, Arditi and Bevilacqua, who know how to spare the choristers' voices when simply ascertaining that they are "word and note" perfect in their respective parts.

It has been my painful duty to find fault with Senor Suane, a Spanish tenor, of whom great things were expected, but whose incessant tremolo could not be forgiven by English music-lovers. My friend Lago, being also a Spaniard by birth (although for many years an inhabitant of London), took great interest in his young compatriot, but has at length been forced to close Suane's engagement, and his place in "La Gioconda" was taken last Monday by a young Roumanian tenor, M. Dimitresco.

M. Dimitresco made a decidedly favourable impression. His voice, though not remarkably powerful, fills Covent Garden, being of pure tenor quality and well produced. He is greatly superior to Senor Suane, and on several occasions won great applause. "La Gioconda" as now performed, is well worth hearing, and I may remind my readers that they may listen to this fine work at very small cost—from 1s. 6d. upwards.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" was repeated on Tuesday, and M. Dimitresco, in public favour, made a considerable advance in public favour, proving himself a sympathetic actor as well as gifted vocalist. The other parts were filled as before, and the melodious opera was evidently welcome to the large audience.

It appears to me a meritorious feature in Senor Lago's management that he revives a number of operas that are well worth hearing, but have been so long shelved that they are known only by name to a large number of music-lovers. The revival of "Robert le Diable"—which was admirably performed—may be cited as a case in point, and the revival of Gluck's "Orfeo" ("Orpheus"), fixed for Thursday last, was another notable instance of Senor Lago's determination to signalise his third season as manager of the Royal Italian Opera by the production of high-class works which musicians should "not willingly let die."

Another instance of this sound instinct was the production, on Wednesday last, of Bellini's "Norma," a work which is so rich in melody that the weakness of its orchestration may be disregarded. Mdlle. Peri, as Norma, sang better than on any previous occasion during the season, although her tremolo was too often perceptible. Her acting was impassioned and dignified, and in this respect a better representative of Norma has not been seen since the palmy days of Grisi and Titiens. Mdlle. Costanzi was the Adalgisa, and the duets between the two artists were effectively sung from a dramatic point of view, but too often with defective intonation.

Signor Giannini (Pollio) made all possible effect in a comparatively thankless role, and Signor Merello was an efficient Oroveso, the melodious choruses were well executed, and the performance was skilfully conducted by Signor Arditi.

The fourth Crystal Palace Saturday Concert well attended, the chief attraction being M. Padlewski, the celebrated Polish pianist.

I cannot say that his performance of Schumann's piano-forte concerto was specially excellent, but the slow movement has seldom

been better played. In one of his own compositions, and in the List's "rhapsody," M. Padlewski was equally successful in the execution of graceful music, and in the "sturm und drang" of the List school.

The Monday Popular Concert, on Monday last, attracted a large audience, despite the inclemency of the weather. The programme

included familiar instrumental works, to

which music was done by Lady Hallé and MM. Ede, Straus, Piatti, and Boweich.

Madame Schumann's vocal selections were

well sung by Mr. F. Davies. I am happy to

note that the alteration of the hour of commencement from 8.30 to 8.00 p.m. has been

favouredly appreciated by the musical public,

especially the patrons of the shilling seats.

breeding would be even more frequent than in the country, and when you have brothers and sisters married for generation after generation, the strain is sure to become weaker and weaker. The London rockeries being, as a rule small, are very liable to be thus affected.

Books cannot fail to understand the danger of building in decayed trees, and to desert them. This may also be one of the causes of the diminution. However it be, it remains a mournful fact that before very long there will be no rockeries left in London. Why does not some one start a London Rockery Preservation Society? It might be extended to other birds as well. Or why does not that excellent institution, the Selborne Society, take the matter up?

## THE ACTOR.

"Shadow and Sunlight," the play with which Mr. Alexander has, happily, made so great a success at the Avenue, was, believe me, at one time in the hands of Miss Clancy Grahame for production at Terry's Theatre. Manageress and author, I gather, did not quite agree on every point in connection with the project, and so the piece reverted to Mr. Carton. Miss Grahame, I am sure, would have taken great pains with the piece, but one cannot regret that it fell to the lot of Mr. Alexander to have it now the greatest of living violinists.

Madame Adelina Patti's concert on Monday last at St. James's Hall drew a large, but not overflowing, audience. Perhaps people are beginning to be tired of her repetitions of the few solos which compose her repertory. How many times have I heard her sing "Bel raggio," "O luce di quest' anima," and "The Banks of Allan Water"—with an encore song, "Comin' through the rye." The last rose of summer, and "Home, sweet home," I cannot venture to say, but when next I hear Madame Patti sing I hope to be favoured with less hackneyed ditties.

That invertebrate punster and matchless alto, the late "Billy" Fielding, once told me that if ever I should find too much fat in a part, I might express my sentiments by employing the name of the great prima donna, thus:—"I've Adelina Patti" ("I've had a leaner patty").

## BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

An answer has come to "Plutus's" inquiry as to tortoiseshell tom-cats. Mr. A. Cat Clarke, the treasurer of the National Cat Club, kindly informs us that the colours required in a tortoiseshell cat are a blotchy mixture of black, yellow, and red. They must be sharply cut in irregular patches, not one colour running into the other. The greater the brilliancy of the tints the better the specimen.

I am afraid that Mr. Clarke somewhat misinterpreted my paragraph last week, for he very kindly offers to tell me the value of the specimen if I will show it to him.

The cat does not, however, belong to me—I wish it did—but to a correspondent using the pseudonym "Plutus," who doubtless will be much obliged for this information of Mr. Clarke's.

Mr. J. Edwards furnishes us with some further particulars as to the parental affection shown by his female slowworm, and which was recorded last week in this column.

He says that he is quite sure the mother removed the young into the bottle on account

of the threatening appearance of the frog, because he has noticed that on other occasions

when they have given birth to young, they have never left them in any exposed position.

He also agrees with me that many reptiles take

more care of their young than we give them credit for.

Although the mother put the baby slowworms inside the bottle, she remained restlessly moving about the aperture

while the frog was darting at the little creatures through the glass. As soon as the frog retired the mother ceased to seem anxious, and slowly left them.

Those writers, by the way, are not quite

unskilled as dramatists, play of theirs, called "Deacon Brodie." It has been performed successfully I believe, in America.

It embodies a story which reminds one somewhat of "The House on the March," one

I believe "Deacon Brodie" is founded on an old Edinburgh tradition. The deacon is an "unseen guid" man, who spends his leisure hours, secretly, in criminal practices.

Sanitary reformers perpetually dig it into the ears of the community that the dustbin is only intended as a receptacle for ashes and that all animal and vegetable refuse should be burnt in the kitchen fire. I wonder whether they practice what they preach.

Some time ago I compiled with their desire, and the result was such an awful stench throughout the house that every window had to be thrown open for several hours. Not again, thank you; this child positively declines to establish a domestic "destructor" on his premises.

Hearing that gold had been discovered at Birkenhead, an enterprising young man hurried off thither in company with a pick and a basinette. He took the latter because he had read that gold miners use cradles for washing alluvial deposits. When last heard of he was prospecting around, especially at public-houses, and expressed the most perfect confidence that he was on the high road to become a millionaire. The wife whom he left in London, to manage for herself as best she could until he made his fortune, does not appear to be equally sanguine.

Only the other day I made reference in this column to that old play of Mr. Robert Buchanan's called "A Madcap Prince." It is curious that my paragraph should so soon be followed by the announcement that the piece was to be revived. I have often wondered that it has been allowed to lie fallow so long. I have only a vague recollection of it, but I remember very well how vivacious Mrs. Kondal was while masquerading as Charles II.

At the Royalty "A Madcap Prince" will be played in front of "Sweet Nancy." Mr. C. M. Hallard undertaking Mr. Kendal's original rôle, Sir Harry Lisle. Mr. Charles Bernard, who will be the Major Sterne, is not only business-manager and actor, but dramatist. I hear he has written a new dramatic version of "The Vicar of Wakefield," in four acts, with songs and choruses, which Mr. W. H. Slaughter will set to music. This will be produced in the provinces next year, with Mr. Bernard as the Vicar and his wife (Miss Alley) as the Olivia.

Mr. Henry Loraine plays Proculeius in Mrs. Langtry's revival of "Antony and Cleopatra." Twenty-three years ago, at the same theatre, he acted Antony in the same play to the Cleopatra of Miss Glyn. Proculeius comes on only in the last act and only thirty lines to say. But he is prominent while "on," and after all, is not every part of Shakespeare worthy of a good actor?

I suppose it is not worth the vendor's while to sell them for less than the cost of the trouble and cost of catching them alive, feeding and keeping them. There seems to be a pretty steady, though, of course, not very large, demand for them mainly by the dog-owners who indulge their favourites in the sport of rat-killing.

I understand that Mr. Charles Wyndham is too lengthy as to the play which shall follow "Still Waters" at the Criterion. I believe he has three under consideration—one being by Mr. Burnand and another by Mr. Buchanan.

If the booking for "Still Waters" falls of very much before the new piece is ready, "David Garrick" will be put up for a strictly limited number of nights.

## GENERAL CHATTER.

A lady correspondent, whose epistle is too lengthy for insertion, has addressed our chief of advertisements without success.

It is her contention that I entirely agree with her, that in many instances the best way to present herself for accomplishing the personal introduction which is the necessary preliminary to courtship.

A man or a woman who is too inclined may be leading a solitary life.

There are not thousands thus circumstanced in London—or may not find one of a suitable sort.

In these cases the best way is to go about the town, and to make a friend.

It is not always easy to do this, but it is

possible to do it by the method of the

old "old maid" game, which is to go

## JACK ALLROUND.

In replying to "Teddy" and "M. M. F." who, with a former correspondent, have asked me to assist them in making beetroot wine, I have to thank "G. T." for the following recipe, from which she tells me she "often makes the wine," and that it "was much liked." Her directions are:—To every gallon of water take three and a half or four pounds of beetroot well washed and cut in slices, boil the beetroot and water till soft enough to squeeze easily, then strain and squeeze out all the liquor, and to every gallon put four pounds of raw sugar and boil well. When the sugar is dissolved, put it into a stone kettle or cask; it should begin to work in a day or two, without yeast; keep the cask filled up till quite done working, then cork close, and keep it twelve months before bottling.

"Julia" writes:—"We have been given a lovely new carpet for our sitting-room, but it is not nearly large enough to cover all the floor. At two ends there will be more than two feet, and at the two other ends more than a foot and a half of bare boards. Will you kindly tell us whether it would be cheapest and best to lay down linoleum, or to stain and varnish the boards; if the latter, would you tell us how to do it?" I should certainly advise you to stain and varnish the boards. You should have them well washed with hot water and soda, no soap, let them dry thoroughly, and if you can they will, especially if new boards, be improved by being glass-papered, working the paper with and not across the grain. After this sweep them well, wash them again with soda and hot water, and let them dry thoroughly. Buy some old stain at the oil-shop, or make it yourself, if you prefer it, in this way. Get powdered ochre, Venetian red, and umber, mix them up in the proportions you please, so as to suit the tone of colour you like, then blend them with a little size and water till you get it quite smooth, adding water by degrees until you make up enough of the stuff. It is very cheap, and you will save much trouble if you buy the oak stain ready made and dilute it with water to any tone you wish if you think it too dark. Apply it to the floor with a rather large flat brush, which you can afterwards use as your varnishing brush. Lay the stain on evenly over the boards, keeping a wet margin all the time as you work along and not overlapping into dry work, or you will get it patchy. If you think it needs it, put on another coat of the stain next day, and let that also dry for a day. Then put some common size into a jug—two to three pounds of the size add one pint and a half of water; put the jug into a saucepan of water and melt and stir up the size while it is quite hot; paint it over the stain, working evenly and quickly. Next day give it a coat of either oak or copal quick-drying varnish. There must be no draught in the room, and the warmer it is when you are applying the spirit or quick-drying varnish the better; let that dry for a day and apply a second coat, and your room will have a well-wearing oak stain, which will show off the new carpet to the best advantage. The above directions will also suit the case of "W. G." and "Constant Reader."

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of salt given above may suffice for one pig, but more is sometimes used. This process is what is called the dry curing.

To make barley water for an invalid, "A. G. C." should take two ounces of pearl barley, wash it well in cold water, then take a little fresh water and boil the barley in it for ten minutes; drain it and put it into five pints of boiling water, and let it continue to boil until reduced to two pints and a half, when it may be strained for use and flavoured according to taste.

In reply to "W. W.'s" request for a "seasonable, harmless, family cough mixture," especially where inflammation or chest trouble is included, if you prepare the mixture, from which she tells me she "often makes the wine," and that it "was much liked." Her directions are:—To every gallon of water take three and a half or four pounds of beetroot well washed and cut in slices, boil the beetroot and water till soft enough to squeeze easily, then strain and squeeze out all the liquor, and to every gallon put four pounds of raw sugar and boil well. When the sugar is dissolved, put it into a stone kettle or cask; it should begin to work in a day or two, without yeast; keep the cask filled up till quite done working, then cork close, and keep it twelve months before bottling.

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I can give a capital recipe for devilled bloter to "Gourmand." Split the fish in two down the back and take out the bone; then divide it into four fillets, seasoning them well with made mustard, salt, black pepper, and a little lemon juice. It is best to let it sit in the seasoning for about an hour; then dip it in either melted butter or oil, and let it be broiled over a clear fire, and served with either a grill sauce or fried parsley and lemon.

"M. A. J." wishes to know "how to clean a white Berlin wool shawl without washing." Perhaps the safest way will be, having brushed all dust out of the shawl, spread it over a clean white cloth on a table, and sprinkle over it a quantity of finely ground white starch, made of either rice or potato. You must not use wheat starch. Fold the shawl into a square, powdering the starch liberally between each fold. Then lay it aside for several hours, when it may be opened and dusted. But if the shawl be very dirty, it would be necessary to press it between two damp blankets before you apply the starch, after which fold and powder as before.

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**A WORKMAN'S PARADISE.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."

Sir.—After reading this letter you will think there is no place on earth where the People is not found. I see in your paper of September 14th you are surprised to hear your paper is read in Calgary, sixty miles east of the Rocky Mountains. I write to inform you that it comes through Calgary and the Rockies, to Vancouver, the Pacific coast terminus of the C. P. Railway, then by water seventy miles to this city, every week. In proof of this, I send you the paragraph referred to, which will have travelled about 12,000 miles by the time it reaches you. Calgary is 726 miles nearer England than this city. Although the papers are three weeks old when I get them, they are always welcome. I intended to write to Buckland, Junior, a few months past, when reading of Siamese chickens and such like. We are not without freaks of nature here. In the window of Mr. Frank Campbell, tobacconist, of this city, is to be seen a pig with two bodies and one head, eight legs, and two tails. It is both a male and female pig. The bodies are joined at the throat, and are breast to breast. It was born at Stanich, a farming district, some twelve miles from here, last winter. Also in your number for August 24th, I see a "paraphrase" with a title, "Wives Wanted." Now sir, if there is a girl's paradise in this world it is here. With a population of about 21,000 I think there are 4,000 who live in hotels or take a room, and defraud us of our money in the bank every day, and are driving too fast, and he would be

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## SEQUEL TO A STRIKE.

At the Worship-street Police Court, David Mathers, a stick-dresser, appeared to a summons charging him with assaulting James Sennett and Joseph Cooper. Mr. Geoghegan, barrister, prosecuted; and Mr. Bedford, solicitor, defended.—Mr. Geoghegan said that it arose out of a strike of the employees of Messrs. Howell and Co., stick manufacturers, of Old-street, St. Luke's. From the day of the strike, October 4th, up to the present time, the shop had been picketed, and the man who had chosen to remain at work exposed to ill-treatment and threats.—The first complainant, Sennett, stated that on the evening of the 27th ult. he left work, having refused to strike, with some others who had remained in, and they were followed from the workshop by a mob of the men on strike, hooting and using threatening language. Mathers was one of the men on strike, and had been picketed all day. The mob had been pelted, and the man attending the party got into the street, and a general quarrel ensued. Among the party were two other ice-cream vendors named Andro Luciano and Michael Gizzie, and these two men were stabbed. Luciano received a wound in his breast and fell dead in the street. Gizzie was stabbed in the thigh, and was found afterwards to be seriously wounded and was taken to hospital. The greatest excitement and alarm prevailed among the women, and their cries attracted the police. They arrested Antonio, who had made no attempt to escape; but Palumbo disappeared and was afterwards arrested. All the men present were members of the Italian community, and are engaged in the ice-cream trade. A blood-stained knife was discovered on a piece of waste land near the scene of the murder. Antonio was brought before the magistrates and remanded. It was stated that Gizzie will probably recover.

**THE DOMESTIC AND HER YOUNG MAN.**

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**A WORKMAN'S PARADISE.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE."

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## MURDER AT A WEDDING PARTY.

It became known in Glasgow on Tuesday morning that a murder of a shocking character had been committed in the previous night in the northern district of Glasgow. The scene of the tragedy is Rodney-street, a narrow, dark lane leading from Possil-road, a little beyond Garnethill Toll. At No. 19 in this street, the festivity of a marriage party was in full swing, when it was suddenly interrupted by the enactment of a terrible murder. The bride was Miss Margaret Powell, daughter of Mr. James Powell, pattern-maker, and the bridegroom was a young Italian, named Laurence Lozzi, a dealer in ice-cream and confectionery. On the marriage becoming known among the Italian community in the neighbourhood a number of them came unbidden to the feast, among them being a youth named Marc Antonio. He was requested to go away, which he did, but shortly before midnight he returned with a companion, who had been clearly ascertained, but it is certain that Antonio, Palumbo, and a number of the men attending the party got into the street, and a general quarrel ensued. Among the party were two other ice-cream vendors named Andro Luciano and Michael Gizzie, and these two men were stabbed. Luciano received a wound in his breast and fell dead in the street. Gizzie was stabbed in the thigh, and was found afterwards to be seriously wounded and was taken to hospital. The greatest excitement and alarm prevailed among the women, and their cries attracted the police. They arrested Antonio, who had made no attempt to escape; but Palumbo disappeared and was afterwards arrested. All the men present were members of the Italian community, and are engaged in the ice-cream trade. A blood-stained knife was discovered on a piece of waste land near the scene of the murder. Antonio was brought before the magistrates and remanded. It was stated that Gizzie will probably recover.

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## THE THEATRES.

## HAYMARKET.

In pursuance of his published intention to systematically vary the regular programme of his theatre by giving a different performance from the current play on each succeeding Monday night, the indefatigable and enterprising Mr. Bearbholm Tree started his novel plan on the first evening of the past week with the production before a brilliant literary assemblage of a new play, by Messrs. W. T. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, entitled "Beau Austin." As might be expected from practical novelists essaying to become dramatists, the piece was characterised rather by literary than dramatic accomplishment. Designed to illustrate polite society in the last year of George III., "Beau Austin" in the main features of its title rôle presents a stage personage evidently suggested by the contemporary Beau Brummell. But the attempt to blend the utterly selfish and conceited side of this would-be aristocratic adventurer with a strain of high chivalrous feeling, of generous self-sacrifice, displayed in suffering the deepest public contumely and insult for sake of the girl of his seduction—the middle-aged lady-killer had boasted only an hour before, rendered the character too incongruous to be at all consistent with itself. Regarded, however, purely as a surface comedy exemplifying the manners of the particular period represented, the piece, by the nice conduct of its conversations, displayed considerable freshness. It was not possible, however, to believe in the reality of a girlish heroine, who, ruined by her seducer, actually refuses to marry him when, in a sudden fit of virtuous remorse, which nothing short of a miracle can account for, he penitently entreats her to become his wife? No; she, on the contrary, prefers not only to continue her shame, but to proclaim it both to her brother and honest lover, solely because her seducer has put such an insult upon her as, in her estimation, can neither be atoned nor repaired. And when, after the needless disclosure of this degrading secret of her ruin, with its author's name, to her brother, he, in wild vindication of her wrong, goes to kill or be killed by her wronger— even then she remains willing to let one of them die in a duel by the hand of the other rather than hush and heal the scandal by uniting herself to the man whom, despite the baseness of his conduct to herself, she still loves to distraction. This impossible conduct is evidently maintained in contravention of the human nature for sake of the theatrical effect of a situation in the next and last act of the play, where the girl's brother, in fulfilment of his threat, strikes and stigmatises the beau, whose calm endurance in turning the other cheek upon his smiter, and, moreover, in the presence of a royal duke, so moves the injured innocent that she incontinently rushes into the arms of "her hero," who forthwith presents her to his royal highness without further comment or inquiry as "my future wife," and upon this coup de théâtre, which has at least the merit of absolute novelty, the curtain finally falls. As these main incidents go to prove, the piece with its characters is wholly artificial; but so, it may be argued, are the manners of the period portrayed. To this it may be critically replied that the manners are not those of the time, 1820. As opposed to this politeness the characteristic of the backs and blonds of 1820 were hard swearing, hard drinking, and hard dining, the faintest reflex of which is given only in the character of the heroine's young "Corinthian" soldier brother, and not at all in Beau Austin himself, whose pedantic grace and conscious poses and deportment generally more nearly approximated to the accorded style of Beau Nash. All Mrs. Tree's earnestness of feeling could not, for the reasons adduced, serve to make the heroine sympathetic. As Austin's valet, Mr. Brookfield's art helped to recall the CANTON of "The Clandestine Marriage" serving a new edition of Lord Ogleby at his toilet while "winding himself up for the day." Mr. Fred Terry enacted the honest, earnest, young lover of the heroine with such intensity as gave to this part the semblance of sincerity; and Mr. Edmund Maurice well brought out the loutish manner of the cub-like young soldier brother. As a former flame of the beau's, Miss Rose Leclercq, with exquisite histrionic art, depicted the finnicking finery of middle age who lives upon the memory of past conquests; and into the small part of a sentimental waiting-maid, Miss Ayward infused a welcome old-fashioned flavour. The play owed much to its interpreters, but for whose ability it would probably have been received with far less favour than was accorded to it.

## AVENUE.

The curtain had not risen for many minutes on "Sunlight and Shadow" when it became evident that, whatever the result of the story might prove to be, one thing was certain, that, wholly differing from "The Struggle for Life," the previous production on the same stage, the light would ultimately predominate sympathetically over the shadow. In the pretty garden at the home of Dr. Latimer, a provincial medico, whose principles are in a sense far better than his practice, we are introduced to his daughters, both of whom, as is learned from their half-jesting words, are on the threshold of love. As regards Maud, the younger of this pair of sweet English lasses, it is evident to herself, that her partner at lawa tennis, the good-looking Adolphus Bamfield, is to occupy the same enviable position for life. While the merry Maud is thus seen basking in the sunshine of love, the shadow falls, for a time at least, upon her elder and deeper-hearted sister, Helen, who loves, and is beloved, by Mark Denzil, an old college friend of her father's, to whom he confides the sad story of his previous life—how, in early manhood, he, blinded by a rash passion, had married a girl whose beauty was but a mask to her vicious nature. This wretched union was soon broken by the wanton desertion of the wife, who, soon after, as her husband learned, was drowned with all on board the vessel on which she was flying from England with her paramour. But the news of release soon proves to be fallacious, for the debauched woman, passing under the assumed name of Janet Felton, venomously dogging down the husband who sincerely believes her to be dead, presents herself at Dr. Latimer's house, where, in want of money, she, while left alone in the drawing-room, steals a purse full of bank notes. In this theft she is detected by the family and their visitor, Denzil, who is horrified in discovering that the thief is his own long-lost wife. Denzil, in despair, quits the home of poor Helen, who, crushing down her sorrow, devotes her life to her father. While so doing, an important actor in the sad story, a meek humpbacked cripple, comes to the front. This sympathetic individual is the choirboy of the village church—a character who, alike in the defects of his person and the beauty of his nature, is the exact counterpart of Filippo, the deformed hero of the violin-maker of Cremona. George, who, as a close friend and neighbour of the Latimers, has been cherished like a brother by the two girls, has silently grown to feel a deeper and warmer affection for the elder. Now that she is free, the cripple dares to bare his heart to

the girl, who, dazed by this sudden offer, leaves her a brief while to ponder it alone. In her absence, George opens a letter addressed to him by a hospital doctor in London, stating that Janet Felton, stricken down with fever, has died of the malady. Denzil is therefore free to marry Helen, as George alone knows. Then comes the question, shall he keep the secret and make the girl who so devotedly loves another his wife, or disclose the fact of Janet's death and forego the long dream of happiness which he can now realise? After a severe struggle his nobler nature prevails, and he finds his own peace in disclosing the truth and placing the hand of his favoured rival in that of his own cherishing love. From this sketch of the story it will be fully inferred that it is full of sweetness and glow with the healthful, honest sentiment which sets human nature in its happiest, and it may be hoped, its truest aspect. Brightly written in the pleasant piquant vein of the Robertsonian comedy, "Sunlight and Shadow" from first to last enlisted both the sympathy and interest of the audience. Mr. Carton was very fortunate in his interpreters.

## ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

Seeing how numerous are the companies which leave London every day to present various forms of entertainment before provincial audiences, it was a pleasure to note the cordial welcome extended to Hague's Liverpool Minstrels by South Londoners on their appearance at Mr. D'Estere's theatre on Monday last. Mr. Hague's company are well known to Liverpudlians, before whom they have been appearing for upwards of twenty-one years at the St. James's Hall, and they have also won favour in London, having spent a successful season in the metropolis about fifteen years ago. The entertainment forthcoming on Monday was a strong one, and was ably managed by Mr. B. E. Belfhor. After a well-interpreted overture chorus by the entire company some excellent sentimental and humorous ballads were given, by which it was seen that this troupe was composed of some really good vocalists and comedians. Among the principal items on the programme were "The Village Blacksmith," by Mr. B. E. Belfhor; "Anchored," Mr. H. Dale; "Good-bye at the Door," Mr. L. Hill; "I'll tell her when we meet," Mr. G. Hill; "Let me hear thy voice again," Mr. S. Gray; and a duet entitled "Army and Navy," by Messrs. Hill and Belfhor. The two last-named gentlemen divide the duties of interlocution between them, and their repartee, when engaged in working out humorous problems with the corner man, is polished and highly refined. The comic songs are numerous, and have chiefly an Irish or negro flavour, being in many cases supplemented with dancing and comedy. A medley chorus, which winds up the first part, is well sung, and considerable laughter is raised by the introduction of the German cat duet. The second part is made up of sketches, &c. There is a laughable plantation sketch, entitled "Uncle Eph's Dream," and a farce called "Lovers in a Fix," a stump oration by Mr. B. Richardson, Esq., M.P., a challenge dog-dance for six which competitors entered; hand-bell solo, by Mr. Kingsley; and various other entertaining negro impersonations. There will be an entire change of programme next week which terminates their engagement, and on Thursday Mr. Hague intends to give a matinee.

## THE OUTLYING THEATRES.

The week in which occurs the 5th of November, is always a busy one at the theatre, which has at least the merit of absolute novelty, the curtain finally falls. As these main incidents go to prove, the piece with its characters is wholly artificial; but so, it may be argued, are the manners of the period portrayed. To this it may be critically replied that the manners are not those of the time, 1820. As opposed to this politeness the characteristic of the backs and blonds of 1820 were hard swearing, hard drinking, and hard dining, the faintest reflex of which is given only in the character of the heroine's young "Corinthian" soldier brother, and not at all in Beau Austin himself, whose pedantic grace and conscious poses and deportment generally more nearly approximated to the accorded style of Beau Nash. All Mrs. Tree's earnestness of feeling could not, for the reasons adduced, serve to make the heroine sympathetic. As Austin's valet, Mr. Brookfield's art helped to recall the CANTON of "The Clandestine Marriage" serving a new edition of Lord Ogleby at his toilet while "winding himself up for the day." Mr. Fred Terry enacted the honest, earnest, young lover of the heroine with such intensity as gave to this part the semblance of sincerity; and Mr. Edmund Maurice well brought out the loutish manner of the cub-like young soldier brother. As a former flame of the beau's, Miss Rose Leclercq, with exquisite histrionic art, depicted the finnicking finery of middle age who lives upon the memory of past conquests; and into the small part of a sentimental waiting-maid, Miss Ayward infused a welcome old-fashioned flavour. The play owed much to its interpreters, but for whose ability it would probably have been received with far less favour than was accorded to it.

## QUEEN'S PALACE OF VARIETIES.

Situated in a densely populated neighbourhood, this hall has only to be supplied with a sufficiently attractive entertainment to ensure the attendance of remunerative audiences. An entertainment fully capable of meeting this requirement is just now being given at this establishment, under the direction of Messrs. F. and M. Abrahams, who have catered successfully for many years on behalf of the East-end public, and may safely be said to know the exact taste of their patrons. The entertainment is full of variety, and is prefaced with a well-rendered overture by the band, under Mr. W. Losley's leadership. Mr. E. W. Mackay occupies an important position on the programme, and with his quaint conceits, musical abilities, and humorous verses, has made himself thoroughly at home in Poplar. A novel and pleasing act is arranged by Mr. Walter Stanton, an accomplished animal impersonator. This artist imitates farmyard pets with wonderful accuracy and skill, and the whole forms a very interesting item. Mr. Charles Coborn is to the fore with his well-delivered comic songs; Miss Franklin Milton contributes excellent serio-comic verses; and Mr. Dan Leeson comes out well as a comedian and dancer. "Good for Evil" is the title of the sketch which occurs midway in the programme, and it possesses much dramatic merit, which is pourtrayed by the Hampton-Lilly combination. Other short but equally diverting acts are essayed by the Four Gartettes, Mr. F. V. St. Clair, Mr. C. Seel, the Zannetto Troupe, and Mr. J. C. Haffron.

Despite the public frowns of Mr. Buchanan and the popular smiles of Miss Wallis, "The Sixth Commandment" cannot be made to go down—unless in a schoolboy's sense—at the Shaftesbury. Probably within a fortnight the gruesome piece will give place to the new play written, in collaboration with the manageress, by Mr. Malcolm Watson, to which a name has not yet been assigned, though the play is in daily rehearsal with a cast including the part authoress. Messrs. Waring, Waller, Beauchamp, and Larivière, at the Prince of Wales's, "Captain in Thessaly," are to be withdrawn early in December, and soon after Christmas a new light comedy opera, composed by Mr. Goring Thomas on a libretto of Mr. Frank Wyatt, and entitled "The Golden Web," will be produced by Mr. Horace Sedgier independently of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The Gaetly "Ray Blas" Company, having finished their course at the Islington Grand, Mr. Fred Leslie and Miss Ellen Parr will really be testing until next April, when the company re-assemble on starting for Australia. For the first night of Mrs. Langtry's arrival of "Anthony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's the date fixed is Tuesday, the 16th inst. "Sweet Nancy,"

## THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1890.

## THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN ST. PANCRAS.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Czar has excommunicated the greatest dissembler at the action of General Gourko, who sentenced and had shot a volunteer charged with murder, who, it is afterwards appeared, was innocent. General Gourko sent in his resignation, but the Czar refused to accept it, with the words written thereon, "I do not accept your resignation; but for your action you must answer to God and your own conscience."

## THE ALLEGED WIFE MURDER IN CLERKENWELL.

At Clerkenwell Coroner's Court, Dr. Thomas held an inquest on the body of Catherine Brown, aged 37 years, the wife of George Brown, a market porter, who resided at Crawford-place, Farringdon-road. The husband of the deceased is under remand on a charge of wilfully murdering his wife by throwing her downstairs at midnight on the 30th ult. James Gaze, labourer, of Leather-lane Buildings, Leather-lane, father of the deceased, said his daughter had been married to Brown about eleven years. They had no children. She occasionally drank to excess. She was sober on the 30th ult. She did not live happily with her husband, "who was a gay sort of man." He was very abusive. Both drank to excess during the last six weeks. On the morning of the 31st he found the deceased lying very ill in bed in the second floor back room—the room she and her husband occupied. She said, "He (meaning her husband) threw me downstairs," and asked witness to say nothing to her husband. Mary Ann Veale, daughter of the last witness, and sister of the deceased, corroborated this evidence. Other witnesses gave evidence as to what occurred in the house, and then Dr. Miller, police divisional surgeon, who was summoned to see the deceased, said he found her perfectly conscious, but with all her limbs paralysed and evident injury to the spinal column. She expired two hours afterwards. Two of the bones of the neck were fractured, and this would produce the numbness of which she had complained. Death was due to paralysis following these injuries, and injury to the spinal cord—injuries which in all likelihood might have been caused by a fall downstairs. Inspector J. Capp repeated the evidence already given by him at Clerkenwell Police Court, which was to the effect that, in her husband's presence, the deceased accused him of throwing her downstairs, an accusation which Brown denied, alleging that she accidentally fell downstairs. Dr. Gaze, of Mecklenburgh-square, corroborated the evidence of Dr. Miller, adding that the deceased informed him that her husband threw her downstairs. Other evidence having been given, the jury, after a brief deliberation in private, returned a verdict of manslaughter against the husband, George Brown, and added that they desired to express the opinion that Brown had received provocation from the deceased.

## LAST WEEK.

At Bungay, Lorina W. local boot manufacturer, clearing away the tea th.

Thomas Payne, 65, a road, Clapham, was admitted into Hospital with a broken of the paveren.

The Southwark coroner, the death of a man named at Fresh Wharf, who, who, oranges, slipped and su

Thomas Edward Jar, lately ill and died at Woolwich.

Two deaths from measles. Mr. Cartar, coroner—of Deptford, and the other Woolwich.

Harry Saunders, 32, Camden Town, shot him. It is said he had received him a large sum of money.

At a special meeting of Thames Town Council, the Board of Trade gave power to supply c

An alarming outbreak of

has occurred at Mr. S.

Farm, Kilburn-lane, W.

of over eighty cows have

slaughtered.

Frederick Pelham, 50, Wheatstone-road, N. W., from a first floor window. Hyde Park, and died in fracture of the skull.

Frances Bowley, a servant, of Arnos Vale, admitted to the London foot, caused in the ap

was placed in the

William Springer, played at the Royal

and living in Lime

stair at the Aquarium

was taken to Westminster.

Dennis Gordon was

found not guilty on a

ruptive Act, of having

his application in ban

The funeral of Mr.

principal leases and manag

Croydon, took place

in the presence

relations and friends.

Eliza Louisa Egg

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A man named W.

Warner-street, Cler

his daughter, on her

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that he was dead.

James Graham, 55

Westminster, was kid

severely injured and

accommodated with

Hospital.

Alfred Reed, of E

well, was crossing to

when he got in front

run over, sustaining a

in his admission to

Hospital.

Millbank Peniten

prison for the receipt

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Down to four years si

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Samuel Ling, aged

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Information was

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## LAST WEEK'S ITEMS.

**GENERAL GOURKO.**  
St. Petersburg that the greatest displeasure at Gourko, who sentenced man charged with murder appeared, was Gourko sent in his resignation to the government. "I do not accept your action but my own conscience."

## WIFE MURDER IN ENWELL.

Coroner's Court, Dr. Ainsworth, inquest on the body of 37 years, the wife of market porter, who resided at Farringdon-road, deceased is under review, wilfully disturbing his downstairs at mid-night. —James Veale, Lane Buildings, Leather-lane, deceased, said his wife had recently lost what was to him a large sum of money.

At a special meeting of the Kingston-on-Thames Town Council it was decided to apply to the Board of Trade for a provisional order for power to supply electric light in that borough.

An alarming outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia has occurred at Mr. Bannister's Camberley Farm, Kilburn-lane, Willesden, where a herd of over eighty cows have been attacked and slaughtered.

Frederick Palham, 50, a painter, living at Wheatsheaf-road, North Kensington, fell from a first floor window at Bathurst-street, Hyde Park, and died in a few minutes from fracture of the skull.

Frances Bowley, aged 49, a domestic servant of Anchor-alley, Stepney, was admitted to the London Hospital with a scalped foot, caused by the upsetting of a saucepan. She was placed in the eye-sick ward.

William Spangler, aged 37, a waiter employed at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, and living in Little Bridge Road, fell downstairs at the Aquarium and broke his leg. He was taken to Westminster Hospital.

Dennis Gordon was, at the Old Bailey, found not guilty on a charge under the Bankruptcy Act, of having omitted to make a full disclosure of the property he possessed upon his application in bankruptcy.

The funeral of Mr. Wallace Roberts, principal lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Croydon, took place in the Croydon Cemetery, in the presence of a large number of relations and friends.

Eliza Louise Eggleston, whose parents reside at Petherston-road, Fulham, was playing with a paraffin lamp, which she had lit, when her clothing caught fire and she died from burns.

A man named Wood, aged 35, who lived at Warner-street, Clerkenwell, was found by his daughter, on her return home, lying insensible. A doctor who was called in found that he was dead.

James Graham, 65, of Stratford Ground, Westminster, was kicked in the abdomen by a man with whom he quarrelled. He was severely injured internally, and had to be accommodated with a bed at Westminster Hospital.

Alfred Reed, of Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, was crossing the road near his house when he got in front of an omnibus and was run over, sustaining such injuries as to necessitate his admission into St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Millbank Penitentiary ceased to be a prison for the reception of offenders convicted by the metropolitan magistrates, and the promises are to be vacated by the 19th inst. Down to four years since Millbank was a convict establishment.

Amongst the cases of sudden death was that of Harriet Peach, who completed her hundredth year a short time ago. She resided with her son at Silchester Terrace, Notting Hill, and was the widow of a brush-maker.

Alexander Mackie, 60, an engineer, when crossing opposite King's Cross Station, stumbled and fell in front of a cab, the wheels of which passed over him, inflicting such injuries that he was detained at the Royal Free Hospital.

Samuel Ling, aged 14, a schoolboy, living at Franklin-road, Hackney, was admitted to the London Hospital with a severe wound on the wrist. He was taken with a fit, and throwing his arms about, one of them went through a glass door, cutting the arteries.

Information was received that Frederick Mitchell, 70, a granger on the L.B. and S.C. Railway, of Woodcote-place, West Norwood, had been found dead in bed. Sarah Partington, 84, a widow, was also found dead in bed at her residence, South Island Place, Brixton.

At the London Court of Bankruptcy the failure was announced of Isidor Braun, of 44, Hatton Garden, dealer in pearls and diamonds. The liabilities, secured and unsecured, are estimated at about £30,000, and the assets at about £7,000. A receiving order has been made upon the debtor's petition.

The Board of Trade have awarded a bimetallic glass to M. Eugene Dehais, master of the French lager Forbin, of Fécamp, in recognition of his humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the ketch Sway, of Hull, which was wrecked in the North Sea on October 4th.

For the unlawful possession of 40lb. of currants from the wreck of the steamer Vulcan, which is breaking up at Woolwich Arsenal, Christopher Kane, Phillip Norris, and James Hunt, labourers in the ordnance store department, were at the Woolwich Police Court, each fined 10s.

**DEATH OF A CHILD FROM ALCOHOLIC COMA.**  
On the arrival at Queenstown on Nov. 1st of the steamer Umbria, a strange incident was reported. Three days after leaving New York, a steerage passenger had occasion to leave her little boy, named Frederick Kamp, aged 4 years, alone. When she returned she discovered that he had drunk half a bottle of wine and was in an unconscious state. The efforts of the surgeon to relieve the patient were unavailing, and the boy died from alcoholic coma. His body was buried at sea.

The steamer Lizzie English put back to Barry Roads, four firemen refusing to do duty because a member of the Amalgamated Seamen's and Tradesmen's Union was on board. Messrs. Pyman Brothers, London, the owners of the ship, are taking proceedings against the firemen, the Federation of Police Court, each fined 10s.

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## THE HAMPSTEAD MURDERS.

MRS. PEARCEY BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.  
SCENE IN COURT.

MRS. HOGG.

## THE OPENING SPEECH.

The extraordinary interest taken in this remarkable case was strikingly manifested on Monday morning, in Seymour-place, where the Marylebone Police Court is situated, and where the accused, Mary Eleanor Pearcey, alias Wheeler, was brought up on remand before Mr. Cooke, charged with the wilful murder of Phoebe Hogg, and her infant, Phoebe Hanslina Hogg. Crowds surrounded the doors from an early hour. Mr. C. F. Gill, instructed by the Solicitor to the Treasury, appeared to prosecute; Mr. J. P. Grain attended to watch the case on behalf of the husband of the deceased; Mr. Freke Palmer, solicitor, again appeared for the prisoner. The accused, on being placed in the dock, betrayed no sign of discomposure. She was attired in a dark-coloured dress, and wore black gloves. She appeared to take considerable interest in some of the proceedings, and answered any questions put to her by her solicitor with an intelligent air. After standing a short time she was allowed to be seated.

Mr. Gill, in opening the case, said: I do not propose to go into anything like minute detail, but it may be convenient if I give you some outline of the course that will be taken. The prisoner, who is about 25 years of age, is Ellen Wheeler, who passed for some time under the name of Pearcey. That change of name arose from the fact that some four or five years ago the prisoner made the acquaintance of a carpenter named Pearcey, who visited and eventually lived with her till about two years ago, during which time the prisoner made the acquaintance of Hogg, the husband of the deceased woman and the father of her child. Mr. Hogg was then carrying on a small business in the neighbourhood of prisoner's house. The prisoner's acquaintance, which began as a customer, ripened quickly, and in consequence of what Pearcey saw, he ceased all relationship with the prisoner. Pearcey had also had his attention directed to the visits of another person, whose name has been mentioned—Mr. Crichton. Mr. Hogg was at that time unmarried. He married the deceased woman in December, 1888, and six months afterwards the murdered child was born. After the marriage Mr. Hogg kept up his acquaintance with the prisoner, visiting her frequently, although unknown to his wife. The prisoner was not known to Mr. Hogg until about Christmas, 1889, when Mr. Hogg introduced his wife, and three or four days were spent at the prisoner's house. From that time until the following February the prisoner continued to be in communication with the deceased woman. In February Mrs. Hogg was ill, and the prisoner assisted in nursing her. The deceased suffered considerably during the illness, and some words were said which resulted in Mrs. Hogg leaving her husband for one night. They came together again, and an arrangement was made by which the prisoner did not again visit at the house of Mr. Hogg. That arrangement was acted upon, and the prisoner did not again visit the house occupied by Mr. Hogg at 141, Prince of Wales-road. The prisoner occupied two or three rooms at 2, Priory-street. The relationship between the prisoner and Mr. Hogg continued. Mr. Hogg having a latch-key of the house. A few days before the 24th of last month the prisoner seems to have put herself again in communication with Mrs. Hogg. There can be no question that certain letters were sent by the prisoner to Mrs. Hogg. On one occasion, I believe, it will be shown that, in answer to one of the letters, Mrs. Hogg went to the prisoner's house. What took place and what was the reason for Hogg's visit I am not in a position to prove except by hearsay.

## THE PRISONER'S LETTERS.

On Thursday, October 23rd, a letter was sent by the prisoner to Mrs. Hogg, who showed the letter to one of her sisters, and to her niece. The letter was carried directly it had been read. On the 24th October Mr. Hogg left his house at nine in the morning, at which time his wife and child were at home. Some time during the morning, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the prisoner sent another letter to the deceased, which was delivered by a boy. What the contents of that letter were I am not in a position to say, because there is no one who can be called who saw it. However, the result was that on that afternoon Mrs. Hogg, with her child in the pram, left the house and arrived at Priory-street, where the prisoner lived, at about four o'clock. The pram was taken into the passage. The house is a small one, and the prisoner occupied a parlour, kitchen, and washhouse on the ground floor. In the neighbouring houses a witness, who will be called, who had her attention attracted to what was taking place at about half-past four o'clock on the afternoon in question. Her attention was attracted to the breaking of glass in the prisoner's window. She had borrowed from the prisoner a dress stand, which she was desirous of returning. She put the stand over the wall into the yard of the prisoner's house, and called four or five times to her, but received no answer. She went upstairs again, and shortly afterwards her attention was attracted by the cry of a child, as if in pain. The matter attracted her attention so much that she spoke to her father about it, and on going to the yard again she saw that the dress stand had been taken away, and on the following morning it was discovered in the prisoner's kitchen. The suggestion of the prosecution is that at the time those noises were heard the murderer of the woman first and of the child afterwards was being committed by somebody in the house, and I am afraid the evidence will point to the fact that the prisoner was the only person in that house at that time, and that she was the only person who murdered the woman and child in the most brutal manner, and with the greatest amount of violence, that it is possible to believe any one capable of. The next person who will give evidence is Mrs. Butler, who lives with her husband on the second floor at 2, Priory-

street. She in the morning saw prisoner in the house, and spoke to her, and did not see her afterwards until the evening. The rooms occupied by the prisoner were rooms into which Mrs. Butler had been in the habit of going. Assuming that the murder was committed at half past four or five o'clock, the prisoner would be in possession of the dead bodies in her room, and it was important that they should be got rid of, and the steps she took were to place the body of the woman in the pram. That, it seems, was done about six o'clock, because when Mrs. Butler returned to her house her attention was attracted by the fact that the passage was in darkness. Usually there was a light in the passage. Upon the door being opened she touched the pram. A few minutes afterwards Mr. Butler came in, and the prisoner was standing in the passage ready dressed. As he came she stopped forward and gave him her hand so as to guide him along the passage without coming in contact with the pram. That could be well understood if the body was in it. Mr. Butler and his wife, who were upstairs, went out, but returned in about half an hour, and they will tell you that this pram was directed to the prisoner, who was in the act of pushing in front of her a bassinet. That is to say, it appeared to be heavily laden, and that she had some difficulty in getting it along in the middle of the road. Prisoner appears to have held her head in such a way that she might not see her, but Mrs. Rogers turned round and looked at her after she had passed. There is other evidence of further persons who saw her pushing this pram along in the way I have described.

## FINDING THE BODY.

That fixes the time at about half-past six o'clock, and the next evidence is the evidence as to the finding of the body of the deceased woman, which took place about ten minutes past seven. The body was first seen by a young gentleman, named McDonald, as he was passing through a place called the Cross-field-road. That road is a little more than a mile in distance from Priory-street, the place from which the prisoner would have started with the pram. This young gentleman noticed the form of a woman lying on the ground. He passed her first of all, but thinking that she might be ill went back. Seeing that the woman was apparently alive and in the same position, he went and spoke to a constable, who came upon the scene at about twenty-five minutes past seven. There was a cloth on the face of the woman, which was removed, when it was at once seen that her throat had been cut and that she was then dead. Dr. Wells was summoned, who pronounced life extinct, and stated that she had been dead for some hours, which fixes the time at about half-past four, when the disturbance was heard taking place in the kitchen of the prisoner by those in the adjoining house. The next point to which I draw your attention is what happened on that night. About twenty-five minutes to eight a cool in employment at Hamilton-terrace saw the pram standing by the side of the wall, which is about a mile and a half from the spot where the body had been deposited in Cross-field-road. At this spot, where the body was found close by, there was found part of a pram. A nut had come off, probably in the course of turning the body out of it, so that the pram had got as far as that spot. It was found to be saturated with blood. I do not stop to give you the details with regard to that matter. The following Sunday morning the body of the child was found at Finchley-road, a spot some two miles from the place where the body of the deceased woman had been found. But to continue the story with regard to what took place on the night. The prisoner did not return to her house for some considerable time. It is not possible at present to fix the exact time, but it is clear that it was late. The husband imagined that his wife must have gone to her father's house in the country, and the next morning went to search for her there, but not meeting her there returned to London. He soon afterwards read an account of the discovery of the body, and afterwards identified it as that of his wife. In the meantime, Miss Hogg went to the house of the prisoner, and questioned her as to whether the deceased had been there. After some pressing the prisoner admitted that the deceased had called there; but because she wanted to borrow some money the prisoner did not mention the fact of the deceased having called, thinking Miss Hogg would not like to know it. During the call the prisoner went out of the room, and called out to Mr. Butler to know as to what time it was when he saw the bassinet in the passage, and he replied, "About six o'clock." There was no suspicion excited apparently at that time, for the prisoner went with Miss Hogg to the mortuary to see the body; and, though at first they did not recognise the deceased, after the blood had been washed from her face recognition followed. The prisoner was found to have a number of scratches on her hands, and there were spots of blood on the paraffin, and some things had been washed. The lace curtains had been taken down from the window, although they had been put up a short time, and they had been killed by them. 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## "THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

At a brewery at Pilsen a kettle of boiling pitch burst and caught fire. Four workmen met terrible deaths by being scalded with the burning liquid.

At Mittrowitz, in Hungary, a duel with swords took place between a lieutenant-colonel and a lieutenant of the Landwehr. The former officer was killed.

The total amount raised for the benefit of George Hearne, the cricketer, in recognition of his services to the county of Kent, is a little over £200.

It is rumoured in political circles in Madrid that the Government intend to advise the Queen to grant, before the general election, an amnesty to political defenders.

Mr. Goschen visited the Customs House, Thames-street, on Tuesday, in connection with the inquiry into the grievances of the out-door officers. He remained in conference with the board for nearly three hours.

A severe storm of rain burst over Salonica the other night, and caused considerable damage in the suburbs. Bridges were carried away and gas mains flooded, and several children were reported to have been drowned.

Some Catholic priests recently shocked the good folks of Pittsburg, Pa., by proceeding to a refreshment bar and clamouring for Scotch whisky. The reverend fathers were getting up to the traditional conviviality of their cloth.

The affair of the extra-judicial torture of a student and a barrister came on for hearing in Moscow on the 31st ult. The police-inspector was condemned to exile to Tobolsk, the clerk, messenger, and warden to terms of imprisonment and hard labour.

The Duke of Edinburgh will obtain leave of absence from his command at Devonport in order to attend the wedding of the Princess Victoria of Prussia at Berlin. His royal Highness will return to London immediately after the ceremony.

Lady Emily has died at Terre, the family residence. She was a native of France, and Lady Emily's second wife. She leaves issue the Hon. Gaston Monseul, heir to the title and estates, and a daughter, married to Count de la Poer.

It is stated that the Queen, upon the recommendation of the Duke of Rutland, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has offered the chaplaincy of the Savoy Chapel, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. White, to Canon Curteis, of Lichfield.

A handsome silver bowl has been given to Sir James Fraser by the members of the City police force, which, up to recently, he had long commanded. The presentation was made by Colonel Smith, his successor, in the presence of many of the officers and men.

The post office at Swanage was entered the other evening, while the postmaster and his wife were at church, and about £20 worth of stamps and postal orders and £1 18s. in cash were abstracted from a drawer. The fastenings of the back window had been forced. No clue to the thieves has been obtained.

A tobacco dealer in Detroit, named Roach, having anticipated the rise in tobacco consequent on the passing of the McKinley Tariff Bill, quietly bought largely, and is now £50,000 dollars richer than he was. The retail dealers are charged the extra price by this wholesale firm, and it is reported that the "local dealers are kicking."

There is no truth in the report that the Enfield magazine rifle has utterly failed to give satisfaction. It is equally untrue that the War Office have it in contemplation to proceed no further in arming the troops with the weapon, and that it is intended to replace the rifles issued with the Martini-Henry single-loader.

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A police-constable effectively prevented a burglary the other evening at Horsey Towers, near Guildford, the seat of the Earl of Lovelace. The residence of the lord-lieutenant of Surrey is very secluded, and has consequently been kept under observation. At half-past seven a constable heard a man moving in front of the house, and on approaching saw a stranger jump from the lawn to the private road, thirteen feet below, and rush away. Two doors had been securely "wired" and other preparations made for a burglary.

Lord Randolph Churchill, writing to a correspondent with reference to Mr. Gladstone's speech at Edinburgh on the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, says he entirely concurs in Sir Michael Hickey-Beach's statement of opinion that if the Irish members were still to be retained in the Imperial Parliament as they now are, it meant something even more degrading to Great Britain than anything that had yet been proposed. The Irish members would manage their own affairs without our intervention, and control the management of our affairs as well.

Mr. Robert Astill, of Swindon, having organised an excursion from that town to Bournemouth in August, temporarily left his carriage at Savernake, and was prevented from re-entering by the station-master, Mr. W. Wright, because he could not produce his ticket, which was in the carriage. He jumped into the guard's van, but was pushed out by Mr. Wright, and had to travel by a later train. For this assault, an action was brought against Mr. Wright and the Great Western Railway Company, and at the trial, before Mr. Justice Cave, the jury awarded the

plaintiff £20 damages, but execution was stayed.

Slavin is going on the stage now. Time!

The Australian strike is said to be at an end.

Dr. Danford Thomas inquires into about 150 cases of child suffocation every year.

It is easy enough to get into the swim when your diamonds are of the first water.

It is not generally known that Canada sends us nearly as much cheese as the United States.

It has been found that the letter "a" occurs in the name of every president of the United States except that of President Tyler.

The present Paris fashions will, it is expected, end in the after and final result of the dress-improver.

Good old Guido is still burnt every year. Isn't there some modern traitor that we could make a bonfire of?

In India 227 people out of every 100,000 are blind. In England there are only 35 in the same number so afflicted.

Succi, who successfully achieved a forty days' fast at the Aquarium, London, on Wednesday began a fast of forty-five days in New York.

Scotch tweeds, plaids, and other materials nearly British, or suggestions therefrom, are now used in Paris to make up costumes that are thoroughly French in effect.

There are 319,000 bona fide working men in New South Wales, of whom 110,000 are members of various unions. These numbers are inclusive of the miners.

John Dean Benton, who invented the automatic machine, whereby money may often be invested without any return whatever, died at East Providence, R.I., almost penniless.

Mr. Jay Gould has been fined twice this year for refusing to serve on a jury, £20 being the penalty each time. Under the new tariff, Mr. Gould will perhaps be more prudent.

It is said that Fullam, the railway magnate, commenced life without a penny in his pocket. That's nothing. Many a better man has commenced life without even a pocket.

A cyclist who recently complained to a magistrate of injury, through culpable neglect, was told that nothing could be done unless he was fatally injured, in which case the coroner might interfere.

Little John Borthwick, a Wishaw lad of 7, was sitting on the top of a cart of coal, when he slipped and fell off, and one of the wheels passed over his chest, killing him almost instantaneously.

During the recent political campaign at Newcastle, the telegraph officials had to cope with no less than 200,000 words in three days.

The longest wire worked was from Nevin to Cork, a distance of 600 miles.

Even rats are fond of luxurious surroundings. Recently at Shelton, Conn., some rats were discovered papering their nest for the winter with a couple of bank notes which the owner of the house had missed the day previous.

In the matter of the criminals at large, the counties and the boroughs (exclusive of London) of England and Wales are very much on par, the proportion being 1.37 per 1,000 of population in the former, and 1.41 per 1,000 in the latter, as compared with only 48 per 1,000 in the metropolis.

It is rather a curious coincidence that almost simultaneously with the trading expedition which is about to leave for West Africa, under Commander Cameron, a similar expedition is setting out from France under Captain Trivier, who recently crossed the continent from the Congo to Quilliman.

At Wellington, a child 9 years old attended the Sunday service at the Roman Catholic chapel and fell asleep. The sexton locked up the chapel, overlooking the child, who was not discovered until Monday morning, when some workmen were attracted by itaries.

Nine bachelors of Leeds recently raced nine married cyclists of the same town ten miles on the road, and were thoroughly beaten, the bachelors winning by an aggregate of 50 min. 45 sec.; so that married men are as fast as bachelors after all.

When an Irishman was told of a patent stove that would save half the coals, he said he would buy two of them and save the whole.

Similarly, a New Yorker has advised his friends to get even with McKinley by wearing one suit of clothes instead of two.

Old people appear to like to exaggerate their age. The State historian of South Carolina has investigated twenty-eight cases of people claiming to be over ninety years of age, and in all but two he found facts to prove that they had advanced themselves from five to eight years.

A fight with a crowbar is at least a novelty.

Joseph Wood and Carl Harg, two New York blacksmiths, were the heroes of it. The battle was fierce and lasted for some time. It was ended only when both men sank to the ground with fractured skulls. They were removed to the hospital in an unconscious condition.

According to a Reuter telegram from New York, intelligence from Key West states that the steamer European, with a cargo of wheat and cotton, had entered the port there on fire. Two firemen had perished, and a number of other men had been injured. The European was bound from New Orleans for Bremen when the same date in 1889 to £1,195,774.

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## TURF, FIELD, AND RIVER.

By LARRY LYNX.

The Hurst Park cross-country and timber-topping fixture, well organised as it was, was unfortunate in more than one respect. In the first place, it was unlucky to open the meeting on the first day of the working week, for, as everybody who goes racing knows, Monday's sport, either on the flat or over the sticks, is now the *bit's nois* of every follower of the rival games. Monday is settling day, and surely settling is fine enough, or the reverse enough, to suit anybody. Secondly, Hurst Park clashed with the Liverpool pool meeting, where sport on the flat was tempered by sport over timber and across country. Thus, Hurst Park suffered in point of attendance and fields, from the fault of its own. Without Liverpool, and with racing confined to Tuesday and Wednesday instead of on the first two days of the week, the Hurst Park executive might have congratulated itself on some handsome results.

Under the circumstances, however, a poor story has to be told. In the two days only forty-four horses sported silk in ten events, the largest field being

weighed out for in the Mole Hunters' Steeplechase on Tuesday, in which ten took part, and which fell to Banstead, a 6 to 1 chance, who bowled over two well-backed ones in Decoy and Shipley. It would seem that hurdle racing was still growing more popular than steeplechasing, as in the Hampton Court Steeplechase on Monday only three started, and Great Paul, who has scored well in the "west country" of late, beat the more-fancied Aramis; whilst in the Hurst Park Handicap Hurdle Race on Tuesday, won by Meadow Brown, a septette turned out.

During the meeting there were two walks over, Hugger Mugger having a bloodless victory in the Selling Hunters' Flat Race, and Oscar being unopposed in the Maiden Hunters' Flat Race. Gieschubler won a hurdle race each day with odds beaten on him, and on the victories of The Squire, Cameronian, and Southam there is no need for me to speak. In taking leave of Hurst Park for the nonce, however, I may say that the improvements which have been effected there were quite satisfactory to everybody, and with the straight miles in progress towards completion there is, I think, a certain future for the meeting that has risen from the ashes of "Appy Ampton."

The first day's racing at Liverpool was remarkable for the closeness of the finishes in all but one event, the November Handicap, which fell to Dornoch, who, after Theodolite had made all the running to the mile-post, drew out and won in a canter. The favourite, Benburb, was hardly at his best, and blundered at the fifth hurdle badly; otherwise, taking the weights into consideration, the Hurst Park spring form of Dornoch and Benburb was fairly confirmed. At Mousey Hurst last April Dornoch, with only 2lb. the best of the weights, finished third to the Duke of Beaufort's brother to Bensdorff. At Aintree, Benburb was giving Dornoch 1lb., for a length and three-quarters beating, so that the form reads pretty consistently. In the Liverpool St. Leger, Orwell, Filbustier, and Heresy all carried penalties, whilst Ben, Far Niente, and the filly by Buchanan out of Lady Charlie claimed allowances. Orwell would have won this race, if he had not palpably cut it two furlongs from home, and then the Lady Charlie filly took up the running, and although Ben, who slipped up at the turn, and was a rare handful for George Barrett in the straight, chased her hotly home, he could never get quite up, and Alec Taylor's daughter of Buchanan—who has now surely earned a name—won by a head, with Heresy a bad third.

Two very moderate ones in Vivid and St. Simon of the Rock were well backed for the Knowsley Nursery Stakes, and again a desperate finish was seen when the Middleham-trained Vivid finally got the best of the top weight, Guardian, with St. Simon of the Rock a head off, third. Excitement was well sustained when Eversfield and Ossidine ran a dead heat for the Westmoreland Plate, but backers went wrong when they laid odds on Ossidine for the run off, as Eversfield won by three lengths. None of the well-backed ones in the Croxteth Cup, to wit, St. Symphorian, High Commissioner, Cobbler, and Leontianus, had anything to do with the finish. There was a nasty scrimmage in the turn for home, and Eider, next the rail, steered out quite clear, while Carnival and Master Charlie collided, and the former nearly collided from the impact. Eider, however, was collared in the run home by Magistrate, who caught her in the last few strides and won by a neck. Two more exciting finishes were seen in the Tuesday Plate, won by Early Dawn, who won by a neck from Marschal, bowing over odds betted on Husbandman; and in the County Stand Plate, in which Pacific won by three parts of a length from Cordelier.

Although the weather was fine during racing on Tuesday at Aintree after the second race, it had rained for some time up to that period. On Wednesday the weather showed a welcome change from that of the opening day, as the sun shone brightly throughout, and the weather was as mild as spring. The Irish stables scored in the two chief events. Chouleur, who is now trained by Linde at Eynesfield Lodge for Lord Zetland, won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase in gallant style; Strong Tea, usually safe conveyance, fell at the obstacle before Valentine's Brook. Gamecock, who had led over the country, was beaten for pace when they landed on the racetrack, and Chouleur strode right away on the flat from Magic and Roman Oak, Golden Crescent, a sweet little son of Castle-reach, another Irish invader, fairly smothered in his field in the Liverpool Stewards' Cup, in which he galloped right away at the finish from Cobbler, Galloway Queen, and a lot of speedy ones, and his owner fixed his price to be 4,000 guineas. St. Kilda carried the sash jacket of Mr. Milner to victory in the Liverpool Nursery; and other events fell to Cigar Light, Kinouli, Sorceress and Bagwort.

The weather changed on the Cup day at Liverpool, sunshine giving place to cold and drizzling rain, but the chief dish on the bill of fare nevertheless attracted a large company of spectators. The field fell short of last year's dozen by a couple. At the last moment Lady Rosebery became a very hot favourite, and no doubt when it became known that Captain Macmillan had resolved to fall back upon Mortaigne, consequent upon Belmont's going amiss and Rathbone proving inferior at the weights, the feeling in favour of her ladyship increased. The race required little description, as Lady Rosebery made most of the running, and although Lily of Lumley came into the straight with a slight lead of the favourite, and Mortaigne, shall we remember, and Vasistas as immediate attendants, Lady Rosebery took command once more a quarter of a mile from home. Shall we remember her chased hotly to the chair, but in the end Lady Rosebery won by a neck from Mr. Milner's filly, thus fulfilling the anticipation published in this column, and repeating her victory of 1888, while Vasistas still further improved the occasion by finishing third, and once more adding to his sequence of unlucky placings this season.

Peacebearer had a walk over in the County Stand Walk, and Duophil beat a better-backed one in Verbois and tea others any man on the field, but the little that fell

to him did well, and we may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that we may still depend upon his services in the International fixtures.

Leake was far and away the best of the half-backs, but I should like to say that Slater was better than Parham. The latter is quicker on his pins than the lengthy player from Coventry.

As to the backs, there can be no question as to which outshone the other. Johnson time after time took the ball from the very feet of the Western forwards, and got away with it, eventually kicking far down into touch. He tackled well, too, and, in fact, shone in every branch of defensive play. If he does not gain the International cap this season I shall be greatly surprised. Hughes, when given plenty of time, could kick well, but could do very little when hustled.

It seems hopeless for footballers to expect consistency in the form of the League teams. A fortnight ago Everton, hitherto unbeaten, sustained defeat from West Bromwich Albion, club far below it in the League table. Last Saturday Notts County repeated Albion's achievement with regard to the crack Liverpool pool eleven, whilst Albion in turn went down before Aston Villa. Then Burnley turned the tables on the Wolverhampton Wanderers, who had so far turned out Everton's most dangerous opponents for the championship; and Preston North End failed to do more than draw with Accrington.

These results have all been of the nature of surprises, but to those who have closely and carefully watched the career of the crack teams, the triumph of Sunderland over Blackburn Rovers was not quite such an astonishing development. Sunderland, the results of several earlier contests this season notwithstanding, are known to possess some of the most brilliant players of the day, and it was only a question of time for these to perfect their combination and assert themselves in the very best company. They have now shaken off the spell of ill-fortune which has hitherto attended them, and I fully expect to see them take a very high position indeed in the League.

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The Oxford University Rugby fifteen have had an uninterrupted series of victories, and their scoring has for the most part been remarkably high, with the exception of their match with the Old Leysians, who having beaten Cambridge, minus Woods and Martin Scott, on the 1st inst., by four tries to a goal, succumbed to the Dark Blues by the narrow margin of a try to nil. Still, captious critics—football critics would, of course, be captious critics—are not satisfied, and insist that there are glaring defects in the *Onionians*' play, especially in defence. That is to say, the tackling is alleged to be weak. The Dark Blues have hitherto been acting upon the principle that determined attack is the best mode of defence; and, so far, their tactics have proved eminently successful, although they have had a rare fight in their match with the Old Merchant Taylors, whom they beat by a try only, and with the Leysians. I fear, however, that when other stronger clubs are met these weak spots will be too surely found out, unless the ill is at once remedied.

Wednesday's match at Blackheath between teams representing London and Midlands and the Western Counties afforded one of the finest games witnessed in the metropolis this season. It was unfortunate for the Western people that they could not put their original selections in the field; as it was, there were no fewer than ten changes, a fact which must be taken into account in estimating the strength of the Western Counties as compared with that of London and the Midlands. That practically a team should make such a gallant fight against so undoubtedly powerful a team as that which represented the metropolis was not a little surprising, and suggested the possibility that the real fifteen might, had they played, have produced a different verdict.

The score indicates a rather severe defeat—two goals and three tries to one try; but no fair-minded man who witnessed the match can for a moment contend that that adequately represents the exact position of affairs during the progress of the match. The home team were distinctly the better lot in every department, but that is about as much as can be said. That the countrymen were possessed of grand powers—dash, skill, and pace—was evidenced soon after the start by one of the most magnificent pieces of play ever seen on any football field. The whole of the front rank and one or two of the backs dashed down from mid-field at headlong speed, passing the ball from one to another as opponents were encountered in a truly marvellous fashion. It was not until it had been taken to within a few yards of the goal-line the last man of the line failed to get a firm hold of the ball and dropped it in front of him, the chance of scoring thus being missed.

Several times thereafter a similar movement was initiated, but so brilliant a performance could scarcely happen twice in one match. The London men packed much better in the scrum, and Chouleur strode right away on the flat from Magic and Roman Oak, Golden Crescent, a sweet little son of Castle-reach, another Irish invader, fairly smothered in his field in the Liverpool Stewards' Cup, in which he galloped right away at the finish from Cobbler, Galloway Queen, and a lot of speedy ones, and his owner fixed his price to be 4,000 guineas. St. Kilda carried the sash jacket of Mr. Milner to victory in the Liverpool Nursery; and other events fell to Cigar Light, Kinouli, Sorceress and Bagwort.

The weather changed on the Cup day at Liverpool, sunshine giving place to cold and drizzling rain, but the chief dish on the bill of fare nevertheless attracted a large company of spectators. The field fell short of last year's dozen by a couple. At the last moment Lady Rosebery became a very hot favourite, and no doubt when it became known that Captain Macmillan had resolved to fall back upon Mortaigne, consequent upon Belmont's going amiss and Rathbone proving inferior at the weights, the feeling in favour of her ladyship increased. The race required little description, as Lady Rosebery made most of the running, and although Lily of Lumley came into the straight with a slight lead of the favourite, and Mortaigne, shall we remember, and Vasistas as immediate attendants, Lady Rosebery took command once more a quarter of a mile from home. Shall we remember her chased hotly to the chair, but in the end Lady Rosebery won by a neck from Mr. Milner's filly, thus fulfilling the anticipation published in this column, and repeating her victory of 1888, while Vasistas still further improved the occasion by finishing third, and once more adding to his sequence of unlucky placings this season.

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Two very moderate ones in Vivid and St. Simon of the Rock were well backed for the Knowsley Nursery Stakes, and again a desperate finish was seen when the Middleham-trained Vivid finally got the best of the top weight, Guardian, with St. Simon of the Rock a head off, third. Excitement was well sustained when Eversfield and Ossidine ran a dead heat for the Westmoreland Plate, but backers went wrong when they laid odds on Ossidine for the run off, as Eversfield won by three lengths. None of the well-backed ones in the Croxteth Cup, to wit, St. Symphorian, High Commissioner, Cobbler, and Leontianus, had anything to do with the finish. There was a nasty scrimmage in the turn for home, and Eider, next the rail, steered out quite clear, while Carnival and Master Charlie collided, and the former nearly collided from the impact. Eider, however, was collared in the run home by Magistrate, who caught her in the last few strides and won by a neck. Two more exciting finishes were seen in the Tuesday Plate, won by Early Dawn, who won by a neck from Marschal, bowing over odds betted on Husbandman; and in the County Stand Plate, in which Pacific won by three parts of a length from Cordelier.

Although the weather was fine during racing on Tuesday at Aintree after the second race, it had rained for some time up to that period. On Wednesday the weather showed a welcome change from that of the opening day, as the sun shone brightly throughout, and the weather was as mild as spring. The Irish stables scored in the two chief events. Chouleur, who is now trained by Linde at Eynesfield Lodge for Lord Zetland, won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase in gallant style; Strong Tea, usually safe conveyance, fell at the obstacle before Valentine's Brook. Gamecock, who had led over the country, was beaten for pace when they landed on the racetrack, and Chouleur strode right away on the flat from Magic and Roman Oak, Golden Crescent, a sweet little son of Castle-reach, another Irish invader, fairly smothered in his field in the Liverpool Stewards' Cup, in which he galloped right away at the finish from Cobbler, Galloway Queen, and a lot of speedy ones, and his owner fixed his price to be 4,000 guineas. St. Kilda carried the s





